

# The Columbus Commercial

COLUMBUS, MISS.

WEEKLY EDITION.

## A MOTHER'S LULLABY.

The winds kiss the tree-tops and murmur "Good-night,"  
Sleep, little one, sleep;  
The sun bathes the mountain in warm mellow light,  
Sleep, little one, sleep;  
The birds hush their songs, the lambs cease their play,  
The darkness of night steals the fast-fading day,  
And fairy lamps twinkle in skies far away,  
Sleep, little one, sleep.

The tired eyes close with their lashes so long,  
Sleep, little one, sleep;  
While mother sits rocking and crooning her song,  
Sleep, little one, sleep;  
The little hand loosens its hold from the toy,  
And now for the land of sweet slumber and joy,  
Where angels keep watch o'er my bright bonny boy,  
Sleep, little one, sleep,  
—Thomas H. Wilson, in Woman's Home Companion.

## THE NEW GIRL.

By W. R. Rose.

THE April sun was pouring in through the half-open window, and a gentle breeze from the south swayed the long curtains. But there was very little sunshine in Annabel Maitland's heart, and the south wind brought no soothing relief to the flushed brow.

Presently there were two sharp whirrs at the telephone. Annabel ran back to the instrument. It was a call from George. His Aunt Mary hadn't come. She must have missed the train somewhere. The next train wouldn't be in until five o'clock. He would meet it then and bring his aunt home with him.

"Any girl yet?" he called.  
"No," replied Annabel with a little catch in her voice.  
"That's tough," said George. "But we'll get along some way. Goodbye."  
Annabel hung up the receiver with a petulant little jerk.  
"It's all very well to say we'll get along some way," she grumbled, "but what good does that do? George can't lift his finger to do a thing about the house. Poor old dear. And I did want to have everything so nice when his aunt came. Well, I'm to get a few hours respite, anyway. I'd better be studying that cook book some more, or shall I dust?"

And then the telephone bell gave its double whirr again.  
"This is the Unique Employment Agency," said a voice. "We have a girl that we think would suit you. She has an excellent recommendation. And she says she can take the place at once."

"Send her right up, please," said Annabel.

"She will be up soon after luncheon," said the voice.  
Annabel felt relieved; so very much relieved that she broke forth into song. It was a song that George had liked before they were married. How the time had flown. It seemed but yesterday that he was leaning over the piano and begging her for another verse. And now they were staid old people. Married two years last October. She stopped her song just long enough to interpolate a little sigh, and then went on.

Probably it was the song that prevented her from hearing the doorbell. It rang, and several times, too. And then Annabel was startled by a loud rap at the kitchen door. She hurried down stairs and hastily turned the key and knob.

There stood a neatly garbed woman; a woman of middle age, with a pleasant smile on her motherly face.

Annabel smiled, too, when she caught sight of the stranger.  
"Come right in," she said. "I'm so glad you didn't disappoint me. They telephoned that you wouldn't be up until after luncheon."

"Who telephoned?" inquired the stranger, and she still smiled.

"Why, the agency people," replied Annabel. "Won't you sit down?"

The stranger accepted the invitation and Annabel seated herself before her.

"Of course you cook?" said the stranger.

"I've had twenty years' experience at it, ma'am," she said, with a queer little twitch at her mouth.

"Plain or fancy?"

"I think I may say both, ma'am."

"I like the modest way you say it," said Annabel. "They most always boast so. Do you make good bread?"

"I have been told so, ma'am."

"And pies and cakes?"

"Yes, ma'am, and cookies."

"George likes cookies. Yes, and he likes fried cakes. Do you make fried cakes?"

"Yes, ma'am, and Johnny cake too."

"He loves Johnny cake, but we never had a girl who could make it to suit him. What afternoon would you like out?"

"I'm not very particular, ma'am," said the stranger. "Perhaps we can arrange that later."

"I'm sure we can," said Annabel. "I pay \$4, and have a laundress two days in the week."

"That is satisfactory, I think," said the stranger. "Have you much company?"

"Very little," said Annabel. "And I always help with the work too. You wouldn't mind my coming into the kitchen, would you?"

"Not in the least," said the stranger. "I think I'd rather like it."

"Thank you," said Annabel. "And I hope you find the kitchen suits you."

"It seems very convenient—and very clean," she said with an approving nod.

"I think you will find the place a comparatively easy one," said Anna-

bel. "There will be no children to bother you."

"I'm sorry for that," said the stranger.

Annabel gave her a quick glance.

"I think I am going to like you very much," she said. "Will you look at your room now?"

So she took the stranger up the back stairs to the airy and sweet-smelling chamber, with its snowy bed and curtains, and the stranger, as she laid aside her hat and cape, said the room quite suited her. Then she asked Annabel to lend her a common frock that she could wear until her trunk came. And Annabel

bustled about and decked her in an ancient summer gown, and a white apron and a white cap, and then stood back and contemplated her work with great satisfaction.

"Why, you're a picture," she said.

"But you are not thinking of making an art gallery of your kitchen," laughed the maid.

And somehow Annabel failed to see any incongruity in this remark.

She escorted the new help back to the kitchen, and then hastily slipped into the dining-room and telephoned to George.

"George," she murmured, "a new girl has come, and I know she's a jewel!"

"Don't let her slip from the setting until I can see her," laughed George. "What is she, an emerald?"

"She's a diamond of the first water," said Annabel.

"If she's a diamond she must have curly hair," chuckled George.

"But say, don't forget about Aunt Mary!"

"Not for a moment," said Annabel. "I am all ready for her now."

So Annabel and the new maid got the little luncheon together and ate it together, for here, thought the young mistress, is a maid that familiarly will not spoil.

But right in the midst of this little repast Annabel stopped short.

"Dear me," she cried, "I've never thought to ask you for your name!"

The maid looked up.

"It doesn't much matter," she said. "Suppose you call me by the name the children called me at my last place. It was 'Auntie.'"

"It sounds a little familiar," said Annabel, "but, of course, I'll call you that if you prefer it. George will think it funny, though."

"Your husband?"

"Yes. He can see fun in almost everything. He has even cracked jokes over my being without a girl."

"I am afraid he is a little irreverent," said the maid.

"But he began to feel more serious about it last night," said Annabel.

"How was that?" queried the maid.

"Why, he had a telegram from his Aunt Mary saying she would be here to-day. He had been expecting her for several weeks. She has been abroad with a niece in California, and George hasn't seen her for four years. And he was so anxious she should have a good time while she was with us, and even hopes to coax her to stay here indefinitely, because she has no settled home. He thinks so much of her you know. She was very good to him when he was a boy, after his mother died. And he was anxious to have her see and like me, too; she has never seen me, you know. But really, what sort of an impression could a young housekeeper make when she hadn't a girl?"

The new maid laughed.

"And is this aunt supposed to be a very exacting person?"

"George says she is kindness itself, but I'm afraid she would be a little critical. You know how we women are? Of course, I suit George, but then he is quite blind to my faults. I'm really a rattlebrain, you know. Mercy, how I'm going on now!"

The new maid laughed over her tea-cup.

"I think," she said, "that you've been hungering for somebody to listen to you."

"That's just it," cried Annabel. "It was different when Lena was here. She was a German girl and very well educated, and so sensible. We often read German together, and really she used much more careful English than I do. But her mother's health failed, and she had to go home and look after her father and the younger children. That was five weeks ago, and I've been trying to replace her ever since. And really, you know, it's been dreadfully lonesome here ever since she went away."

"I can imagine it," said the new maid. "I've been lonesome myself a good many times." And she quickly and deftly cleared away the remains of the simple meal. "You said your husband's aunt was coming to-day."

"So she telegraphed," replied Annabel. "But she wasn't on the train. George says she must have been delayed somewhere, but he expects she'll surely be here on the late afternoon express. And I want to have a real nice little dinner for her, you know."

"Of course," said the new maid, with a sympathetic nod.

"And you must help me get it," said Annabel.

"Where is Aunt Mary?" she cried.

George answered her questioning glance by opening his eyes very wide and then shutting one of them very tight.

"The reference proves to be all right, my dear," he said, with a comical quaver in his voice.

Annabel looked from George to the new maid, and the new maid's smile slowly deepened.

Then she suddenly understood.

"You—you are Aunt Mary!" she cried. "Oh, how stupid I am! And two big tears trembled on her long lashes."

"It wasn't a very nice piece of deception, my dear," she said. "But you know how I drifted into it. Besides it gave me such a nice chance to make your acquaintance. And then I knew this wicked boy would appreciate the little joke so much. You must forgive me, dear."

"Your jewel stands the test, my love," laughed George.

Then Annabel couldn't help smiling.

"Breakfast is waiting," said Aunt Mary—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

too, I've got such a nice little dinner waiting for her." Then she dropped her voice. "We've got a jewel in the kitchen, George."

"So you telephoned," said George. "Hope you won't find she's a paste."

"I only hope she'll stick," laughed Annabel.

And just then the dining-room bell tinkled.

It was a dainty little dinner, the joint production of Annabel and the maid, and there was nothing George could criticize. And how Annabel laughed when George sampled the golden Johnny cake.

"And how does that compare with Aunt Mary's?" she asked.

"It's all right," said George, whose mouth was too well filled to permit of any further eulogy.

"The new maid made it," cried Annabel.

The new maid did not appear in the dining-room. Once or twice Annabel fitted out after some necessity for the feast, but George caught no glimpse of the accomplished stranger.

"Did you get a reference with this new girl?"

Annabel started.

"Bless me," she cried, "I forgot all about it!"

George shook his head.

"That's bad," he said. "We can't be too careful about these strangers. Bismom told me to-day about a girl they took without a reference. She stayed one night and disappeared with his wife's best frock. I'll see the girl and find out about her."

"Don't say anything that will hurt her feelings, dear. Perhaps I had better go with you."

"You stay here," said George. "I'll be right back."

But he didn't come right back. He was gone a long time. Once Annabel thought she heard the sound of laughter in the direction of the kitchen, and pretty soon she grew so fidgety that she determined to follow George and discover what had become of him.

She softly entered the dining-room and stole across and opened the door into the china closet. The swinging door into the kitchen had glass panels in it, and through these Annabel could look without being observed.

The new maid was standing by the kitchen table washing dishes, and beside her stood George. He had taken off his coat and there was a big blue apron tied about his neck, and he was wiping the dishes as fast as the new maid washed them.

And both were merrily laughing.

Annabel softly retreated back to the library wondering what it meant. And after a while George returned.

"The reference seems to be all right," he said. "I know some of the people she mentioned, and I'll look the matter up more fully to-morrow."

"Then she thinks she'll stay with us?" said Annabel.

"Yes," said George. "She likes you, and she likes the house, and I think she's going to like me. Anyway, she said she meant to stay just as long as we'd make her welcome."

"I'm very glad," said Annabel. "I never was so much taken with a stranger before."

"Yes," said George, "but don't forget that we have to treat her well. We must let her sleep in the front chamber to-night."

"Why, George, that's the guest chamber!"

"Yes, I know."

"And it's all ready for Aunt Mary."

"That can't be helped," said George. "We'll let the maid sleep there to-night, and then we can make other arrangements. Sort of let her down easy, you know."

"Why, George, I never heard of such a thing! You'll spoil her."

"Very well," said George. "I'll take the responsibility. We've got to humor her. I'll go up now and light the gas. The—maid is tired and wants to retire early, and she has to arise early, too, you know."

He paused in the hall doorway and looked around.

"Annabel," he softly said.

"Well, dear?"

"You're a little goose."

And he went up the stairs chuckling.

Annabel did not rise early the next morning. She was tired and sleepy, and a load of responsibility was off her mind. She did not know that George was up at daylight and bustling downstairs and rattling about the range.

But after a while she dimly comprehended that someone was calling her. Yes, it was George. What was he saying?

"Annabel, Annabel, come down, you lazybones. Aunt Mary is here and breakfast is waiting."

Aunt Mary came! And the hostess not up to welcome her. Oh, what a shame!

How she hustled on her garments and twisted up her pretty hair.

When she tripped into the library she looked about eagerly. George was standing by the mantel, and in the dining-room doorway the new maid looked at her with a smiling face.

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"Breakfast is waiting," said Aunt Mary—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## PHOTOGRAPHIC TRUST TO THE CAMERA FIEND.



"Now, look pleasant, please." —Chicago Daily News.

## POST OFFICE FIGURES.

Showing the Growth of the Country and of the Mail Service in 127 Years.

As a result of many requests received at the post office department the third assistant postmaster general has issued a pamphlet entitled "Postal Statistics of the United States—from 1775 to 1902." It contains much that is of interest, particularly as showing the remarkable growth of the country since the revolution, says a Washington report.

In 1789 there were only 75 post offices established, the length of the post routes being 2,275 miles and the gross revenue of the department being only \$7,510. The expenditures for the same year were \$7,560, and of this only \$1,657 were paid in salaries to postmasters.

There were in 1901, 76,594 post offices in operation, 511,898 miles of post routes, 466,146,059 miles of mail service performed. The gross revenues of the department were \$111,631,193, the expenditures \$115,039,607, and \$19,113,590 were paid as compensation to postmasters.

From June 30, 1847, to June 30, 1851, 4,903,200 postage stamps were issued, while in the single year 1901 4,329,273,696 stamps were used by the people of the United States.

In 1853, the year in which stamped envelopes were first issued, 5,000,000 were used, while in 1901 the total was 772,839,000.

The first year's issue of postal cards — 1873 — numbered 31,094,000, while in 1901, 659,014,800 were issued. The registry system was started in 1855, and in that year the registered

pieces numbered 629,322. In 1901 they numbered 20,814,501.

In 1865 money orders to the amount of \$1,360,122 were issued, while in 1901 the total amounted to \$274,546,067.

The number of pieces of matter of all kinds mailed increased from 500,000 in 1790 to 7,424,390,329 in 1901.

## Microbes Help Make Cheese.

Perhaps there is no better illustration of the utilization of bacteria than is to be found in advanced methods of treating common dairy products. Ten years ago if a dairyman had confessed that he actually employed micro-organisms to aid him in making butter and cheese he would have been boycotted and forced out of business. But to-day it is different, for dairy methods have been almost revolutionized by the discoveries of modern bacteriologists. In the first place it has been conclusively shown that the souring of milk is always produced by bacteria and that the popular belief that thunder storms will perform the same functions is erroneous. It also has been proved that bacteria produce slimy milk, bitter milk, blue milk, yellow milk, green milk, orange-colored milk, amber-colored milk, chocolate milk and even black milk.—Science.

## New Diamond Fields.

Our consul at Demerara reports that the new diamond fields in the interior of British Guiana are attracting more and more attention, and that \$50,000 worth of diamonds have already been exported through the custom house. The principal rendezvous is at Bartica, on the Essequibo river, from which point the journey is by boat up a difficult and dangerous stream full of rapids and cataracts. The passage requires 14 days.—Youth's Companion.

## The Golden Mean Between Work and Play

By M. V. O'SHER, B. S.

Professor of Science and Art of Education, University of Wisconsin.



YOUTH climbs the mountains of life most naturally and in a sense most effectively by play, but the topmost point can be reached only by work.

What is the golden mean?

There is seen to be a harmonizing principle, when it is recognized that work becomes most effective when one has an end in view to attain by his efforts. If there is nothing but a blank wall ahead of him, his life will be miserable indeed.

WORK MUST ALWAYS HAVE A CLEAR GOAL TOWARD WHICH IT TENDS, AND THIS MUST BE WORTH REACHING.

Mere drudgery for the sake of discipline alone disintegrates personality, kills initiative and spontaneity; the activities it produces are always the result of force imposed from without. Drudgery which is not tributary to some useful end does not stir the inner life to noble deeds, it does not result in that organization of the being where all works together in harmony. And youth is the time of all others when things that receive any consideration must have a life-relation; they must help to solve some of the problems that confront a mind opening up rapidly to the meaning and responsibilities of existence—problems of a social, an ethical, an intellectual, and a physical character.

Anything which promises to be a guide to youth through the unknown country which it is to enter will be mastered, no matter what effort is required to attain it.

And herein lies the possibility of making work effective, of leading the adolescent boy and girl to apply themselves to tasks that are hard and in themselves uninteresting and unattractive; BUT THEY LEAD SOMEWHERE, THAT'S WHAT MAKES THEM TOLERABLE.

If the literature and history of the high school are made to illumine the dark places of the pupil's everyday life; if the geometry gives his mind poise and stability in the midst of phenomena which would otherwise be distracting and unsettling; if the physics be made to interpret the real world of forces acting in the pupil's environment; if the grammar be made wholly tributary to the right use of language in the everyday needs of the student; in short if the school leads the student to see the SIGNIFICANCE of the work that must be done, that MUST be done for successful living, then it loses its aspect of drudgery, and the pupil will put forth his strength upon it, as he does so freely expend himself upon his baseball, upon his billiards, upon his novels, and upon other things which touch his life.

One need have no fears in saying that a youth cannot be led into participation in the highest life of the race without tremendous effort on his part; modern life is altogether too complex, too involved, to be mastered in a free and easy way. THE YOUTH WHO WILL NOT STRAIN HIMSELF, who will not gird up his loins TO DO BATTLE WITH IGNORANCE, WILL FOREVER FORFEIT THE HAPPINESS WHICH COMES FROM A BROAD, DEEP KNOWLEDGE OF THE WORLD, and a consciousness of a mastery over it. But the end of effort must always be the comprehension and conquest of one's self and the world to which he is related, and the youth must be made to see his progress toward this end in his work, when all the powers of his being will become coordinate in the effort to attain it.

## UNCLE SAM'S SULTAN.

The Realm of Sulu Attracts Attention Since Gold Has Been Found There.

Uncle Sam's most interesting subject is the sultan of Sulu, who rules a fierce and warlike race in a part of the Philippines that is now American territory.

It will be news to many humanitarians to learn that these American subjects keep slaves, practice polygamy, punish theft by decapitation and either make slaves of their prisoners of war or chop them into minced meat with the murderous Malay kris, the short, wavy blade always seen in pictures of piratical attacks in the Malay peninsula, says the Philadelphia North American.

Gilbert W. Lawson, a United States engineer, who risked his life to visit the Sulu, describes them as closely related to the wild men of Borneo, the ancestors of the Sulus having settled in the archipelago about three centuries ago, from the neighboring islands.

In the interior the Sulus rob and murder without interference, but where the ruler's influence extends life is comparatively safe. Both men and women dress in gay-colored clothes, the men going armed with sword and spear and traveling, wherever there is a waterway, in narrow dugouts fitted with sails of gayly-hued cloth. Some of the girls are very pretty. The men are of good stature and afraid of nothing.

The national game is called *espas*. It is played with a ball five inches in diameter. Eight or ten play on a side, and the game consists of striking the ball with the hands or feet and continuing to strike it without any particular object in view except to keep it moving.

A single incident will illustrate the difficult task Uncle Sam has before him in subduing this new-catch, sullen people. Three Americans were quickly sitting on a log talking, when three Sulus strolled up. Without a word one of the three stepped around to the rear of the Americans, whipped out a kris and cut the head off one of the white men before anyone could interfere. The murderer was promptly shot. The others seemed to take it as a matter of course. The only explanation they could give of the motive for the murder was that the man with the kris had sworn to sacrifice a head to the gods, and the white man was the first subject available.

The sultan does not seem to realize that the days of his power are over and that for the future he must be a plain American citizen. How civilized laws are going to reach the potentates and his murderous subjects is a question that has not yet been answered satisfactorily. The Sulus are so remote from the headquarters of the American army that it is difficult to manage them. And yet the fact that gold has been discovered in *espas* quantities in the country makes it safe to predict that white men will soon penetrate there. The whitemen's laws must be established and a force sufficient to insure their being obeyed sent there. The difficulties in the way may be imagined from the fact that when one of the chiefs was turned out of his habitation by the new rules, it took three weeks' hard work to flog the filthy place and another month to fumigate it so as to make it habitable for white men.

## EARLY HAWAIIAN STAMPS.

Former Postmaster Finds Two Such as Were in Use Thirty-Five Years Ago.

While rummaging through a package of old letters recently, H. M. Whitney, founder of the *Advertiser*, discovered two with stamps such as were used in 1863 following the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands. The stamps are exactly alike, and were known in the sixties as the "red border" stamps. The stamp is about the size of the United States ten-cent stamp, but is plain white. The red border goes around all four sides close to the edge. In the center is a large figure 2, and within the four borders appear the following: "Hawaiian Postage," "2 cents," "Hawaiian Postage," all done in plain, small block type.

Mr. Whitney was the first postmaster general of the kingdom of Hawaii, from 1850 to 1863, and these stamps were then in use. They are prized by the Polynesian Newspaper company, and the first issue was also printed under Mr. Whitney's administration as editor of that journal.

There must be small fortunes in such stamps hidden away in many chests on the New England coasts. When the whalers used to come here whalers they sent letters by express packet to San Francisco, to be carried home via Panama or the Pacific mail steamers. Hundreds of the stamped natives went out by every mail. It was the New England habit to cherish such letters, the more so because the whalers might never return; and, unfortunately, these things found their way to the chest in the garret where family odds and ends were kept. Many of them doubtless remain there.

## The Tricky Filipino.

The natives are masters of the art of making traps for wild beasts, and they hunt United States soldiers after the same fashion. They dig in our path pits skillfully masked, so that our men fall into them and are impaled on poisoned stakes. And then at unexpected intervals a thread is stretched in the grass at their feet, and when it is snapped a bent sapling springs into position with several poisoned spears attached. You cannot enter a forested plain without running the risk of falling into a spring of this sort, with some poisoned spearheads attached, usually the mere stepping in the sill or front doorstep is the signal. One of these traps nearly finished me. Fortunately the spears passed me—one in front, one behind—half an inch of variation would have done the business.—Fidelity, N. Y. Times.</